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THE BYSTANDER
April 10, 1940.

The BYSTANDER

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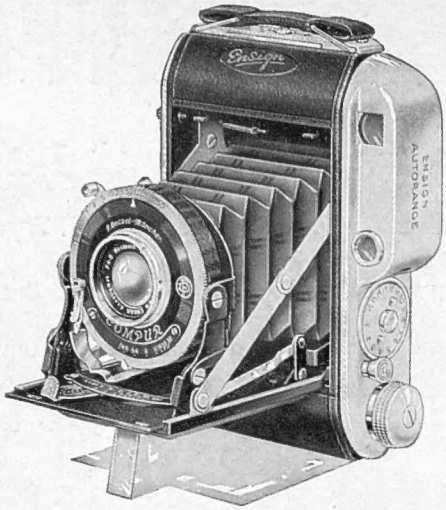

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No. 1895. Vol. CXLVI.

The Bystander

Three Generations in "A House in the Square"

Margaret Rawlings, Lilian Braithwaite and Janet Johnson are mother, grandmother and daughter in *A House in the Square*, at the St. Martin's Theatre—Diana Morgan's first straight play. She has previously given us several witty lyrics and sketches for Gate revues (written in collaboration with her husband, Robert McDermott), and was part author of *Bats in the Belfry*. Lilian Braithwaite, for whom the play was written, is an Edwardian hostess, and combines dignity with comedy in a role perfectly suited to her great talent. Margaret Rawlings, as her daughter, is a Suffragette when the play opens in the spring of 1910, and she, in turn, produces a serious-minded daughter of her day—a pacifist, played by Janet Johnson, the attractive young Australian actress. The first night was last Thursday

The Passing Hour

Wartime Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

THE eagerly-awaited changes in the Cabinet turn out to be the old, old story of a mild little game of General Post. The greatest expert on shipping in wartime is again passed over—this time in favour of Mr. R. S. Hudson—but then, Sir Arthur Salter is not in the inner ring of the old school cravat. The appointment of Lord Woolton to the Food Ministry is excellent, but even better is the succession of Mr. Churchill to the chairmanship of the Committee of the Services Ministers. But the General Post is not nearly enough.

PUBLIC opinion is steadily hardening in favour of an inner War Cabinet of Ministers unburdened with departmental work. Perhaps even more persistent is the feeling that whatever chaps are in charge of the war, at least they ought to be chaps who are willing to get on with the job. Lord Trenchard, the man who practically created the Air Force, most emphatically ought to be employed. And if Mr. Churchill became Minister for Defence, what is wrong with Admiral Sir Roger Keyes for First Lord of the Admiralty? And Mr. Lloyd George ought to be Minister of Agriculture

"Community of Action"—a Week

The Premiers *of England and France met at the sixth meeting of the Supreme War Council a week after M. Reynaud succeeded M. Daladier as Prime Minister and Minister for Foreign Affairs. Public satisfaction with the declaration issued after the meeting (regarding peace terms and after-war collaboration) was accompanied by a new confidence that Allied initiative in the war would become more apparent. M. Reynaud, one of the most enthusiastic architects since war began of Anglo-French "community of action," is definitely popular over here, warmly respected for his fearless independence of thought and speech, admired for his obvious energy and determination. Above: Mr. Chamberlain sees off M. Corbin, the French Ambassador, and M. Reynaud, from 10, Downing Street*

The Air Ministers *together left the luncheon-party which followed the sixth Supreme War Council meeting. This was the first and last encounter of Sir Kingsley Wood and M. Laurent-Eynac as "opposite numbers," the French Air Minister having been appointed a week earlier to replace M. Guy La Chambre in the new Reynaud Cabinet, and Sir Kingsley Wood having changed places with Sir Samuel Hoare in the Government re-shuffle a week later. M. Laurent-Eynac belongs to M. Daladier's Radical party*

C.-in-C. of the French Air Force, *General Vuillemin (wearing the dark blue which makes French airmen look like sailors to English eyes), attended the Supreme War Council. He was already an airman when the last war began, gained an amazing reputation for bravery and resource in action. He is fifty-seven*

He might make twenty mistakes a week, but he would do fifty good things in the same seven days. Our recent Ministers of Agriculture have made a few mistakes and done nothing good. Sir Archibald Sinclair ought to be a Minister without portfolio, and the ideal Minister of Munitions would be the greatest organiser of our time, Mr. Herbert Morrison.

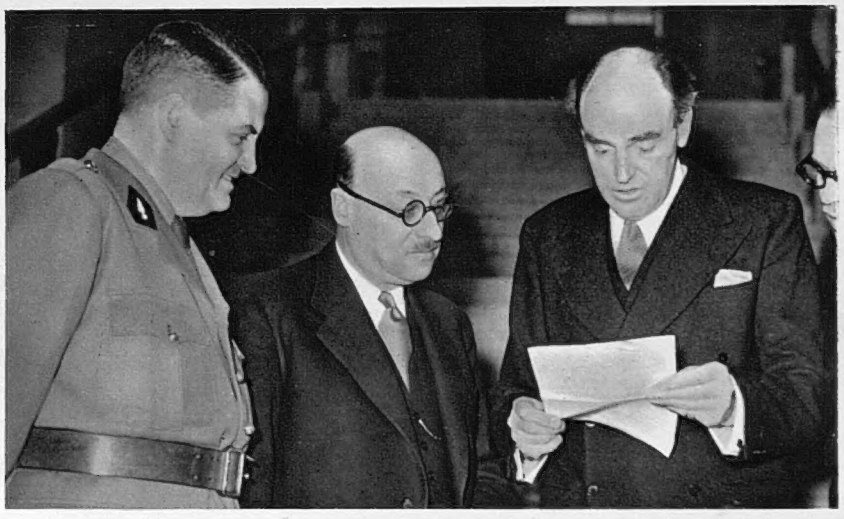
THERE were people in this country who were horrified at the notorious *Times* leading article in the summer of 1938 in which for the first time it was suggested that Czechoslovakia ought to be partitioned. There were many who were horrified at the attitude of *The Times* over Danzig in the days before the war started. But these feelings are mild compared with the feelings aroused by Auntie's performance last week. The old lady actually allowed her Tokio correspondent to refer in her columns to "Japan's great experiment" in China. Those of us who remember a smattering of our history will recall the wonderful experiments of Attila and of Genghiz Khan. There was also that superb experiment of Tilly at Magdeburg in the Thirty Years War. Not a man, woman or child was left.

THE Chinese themselves are trying out a little experiment of their own against these benevolent experimenters from across the Sea of Japan. A little magazine called *The China Fortnightly*, published in Chungking, gives an account of the work done by the Sabotage Corps in Shantung. This corps consists of an

of Anglo-French Meetings

Chief of the Air Staff, *Air Chief Marshal Sir Cyril Newall was at the meeting as General Vuillemin's opposite number. He is three years younger than the Frenchman, was an infantry soldier in the British and Indian Armies before he became an airman (Deputy Director of Personnel at the Air Ministry) in 1919*

The soldiers *who discussed Anglo-French affairs of state at the Supreme War Council meeting continued their companionship by visiting Aldershot together next day. General Gamelin, C.-in-C., of the Allied Armies in France, inspected Canadian units and addressed to French Canadians a brief eloquent speech. Above he takes the salute of two field regiments of artillery; behind him are Brigadier Crossley Stewart, O.C. Canadian Artillery, General Sir Edmund Ironside, C.I.G.S., and General McNaughton, Commander of the Canadian Expeditionary Force, who wore battle-dress. Behind them again, in civilian dress, is Mr. Vincent Massey, Canadian High Commissioner*



The Ministers of Information, *M. Frossard and Sir John Reith, had their own meetings last week to plan a close and smooth collaboration over the infinitely important and delicate matters of censorship, propaganda, information. M. Frossard's post is a new one, created by M. Reynaud. Its holder (Dissident Socialist by party) announced immediately he was appointed his intention of abolishing political censorship in France. With the Ministers here is Captain Marceron (left), who came from Paris with M. Frossard*

The Passing Hour *(Continued)*

ex-fireman and twenty chums who spend their time wrecking trains, railway lines and bridges, and dodging the armoured cars of the "great experimenters." In eighteen months they have destroyed ninety-five engines, eighteen armoured cars, twenty-five bridges, and a hundred miles of permanent-way.

ONE of the most striking passages of Mr. Churchill's broadcast was his reference to the sailors of the British submarine who rescued eight Dutch sailors in the last stages of exhaustion after six days in an open boat. While the crew of the submarine were carrying the Dutchmen ashore on stretchers "Dutch aviators in the name of strict and impartial orthodoxy, were shooting down a British aircraft which had lost its way." All of us sympathise with the position of the Dutch, "dwelling as they do in the cage with the tiger," but there may be some of us who will not quickly forget the orthodoxy and impartiality of those Dutch aviators.

THE Ministry of Information is going ahead fast on the film side of its work. The quick anti-gossip "shorts" were excellent bits of work, and the new documentary film about the Balloon Barrage has won universal praise (an experience which must have a certain amount of novelty for the Ministry). It was shown for the first time when M. Frossard came over from Paris to meet Sir John Reith the other day. The commentary contains the excellent line that "a balloon on the ground looks rather like an elephant that has had bad news."

ONLY the most rabid of political vendettists will refuse to add their applause and congratulation when on April 12th Mr. Lloyd George completes his fiftieth year of consecutive membership of the House of Commons. What memories he has to look back upon! What scenes he has witnessed! What speeches he has listened to—and delivered himself! The world has moved faster and further in that half-century than in any other half-century of recorded history.

THERE is a steady growth in the demand for the Sunday opening of cinemas for the duration. Manchester, progressive as ever, has come out into the forefront of the campaign. The Manchester Watch Committee has gone into the matter from every angle, and has strongly recommended to the City Council that the cinemas should be opened. Another move in the right direction of providing entertainment for the troops on Sundays has been taken by the Dowager Marchioness Townshend, who is founding a Sunday club for officers at the Dorchester Hotel. In the last war Lady Townshend ran a similar club at the Knightsbridge Hotel, which was an enormous success. The club at the Dorchester opens on April 14th, and anyone who wants to help Lady Townshend in this admirable work should send her a cheque to the Dorchester.

A GREAT mathematician has been declared by the Supreme Court of New York State to be unfit to hold the post of Professor of Mathematics at the College of the City of New York, because the wife of a Brooklyn dentist stated in court that she was the mother of a daughter who might at some unspecified time of the future attend the College, and that she did not think Mr. Bertrand Russell would be a suitable person to teach her daughter. The judge brought the whole majesty of the law to save the dentist's daughter from learning mathematics from Mr. Russell at some future date, and so the College is to lose Mr. Russell's services. It is denied, however, that a Chair of Witch-hunting is to be founded at the College instead.

THE new cigarette "Blend E7" has been temporarily withdrawn from sale, and it will reappear soon with a new name and in the usual commercial trappings of cardboard box, cellophane, and silver paper. "Blend E7" is the foster-child of the Government, for it is made of the ordinary Virginia tobacco with a mixture of about ten per cent. of the Government's Turkish tobacco (of which the Government possesses a million pounds'-worth). The trial trip of "Blend E7" was a great success, and the commercial article will be on sale as soon as a standard blend has been reached.

THE death of Prince Andrew Obolensky has saddened tens of thousands of Rugby football enthusiasts. He was one of the great personalities of the Rugger field of the last few years, and his two tries against the New Zealanders will be long remembered. Mr. Ivor Brown wrote a most moving poem about him in the *Observer*, of which the last verse was:

His play, his work, his death were on the wing,
To the green English field from Russia come;
Now England's cap with deer's foot speed he 'll bring
To that last field of bright Elysium.

A RATHER sad story comes from Washington. The down-town theatres do not admit negroes, and so when *Abe Lincoln in Illinois* arrived, negroes picketed the theatre in which it was being played. Meanwhile the theatre management and a local newspaper offered a twenty-five-dollar prize for the nearest "double" to Lincoln. A Mr. Thomas Bomar, who closely resembles Lincoln himself and Mr. Raymond Massey, won the prize and attended the opening night in great style as a guest of the management and of the newspaper. It then turned out that he was a negro with an exceptionally light skin.

THE London and North Eastern Railway has taken off its third-class sleepers to Scotland, and has retained its first-class sleepers. The *News Chronicle* sent one of its star reporters to Edinburgh last week in a third-class carriage by the night train. His account of the journey made painful reading, and I hope that until conditions are improved we will not hear any more stories about the dreadful state of the German railways. But there is always one consolation. The first-class passengers were just as comfortable as they were in peacetime.

THE big shots in the world of military history are already busy on histories of the second World War, prominent among them being Commander King-Hall and Sir Ronald Storrs. But I cannot help feeling that there is also scope for minor historians who might collect sidelights, by-products, backwashes, and as many as possible of the ten thousand little repercussions of the conflict. For example, it ought not to be allowed to fade into oblivion that the British Board of Admiralty the other day invited bids for the sale by public tender of two hundred dozen babies' rubber pants, which had been seized as contraband from the German freighter Helvig.

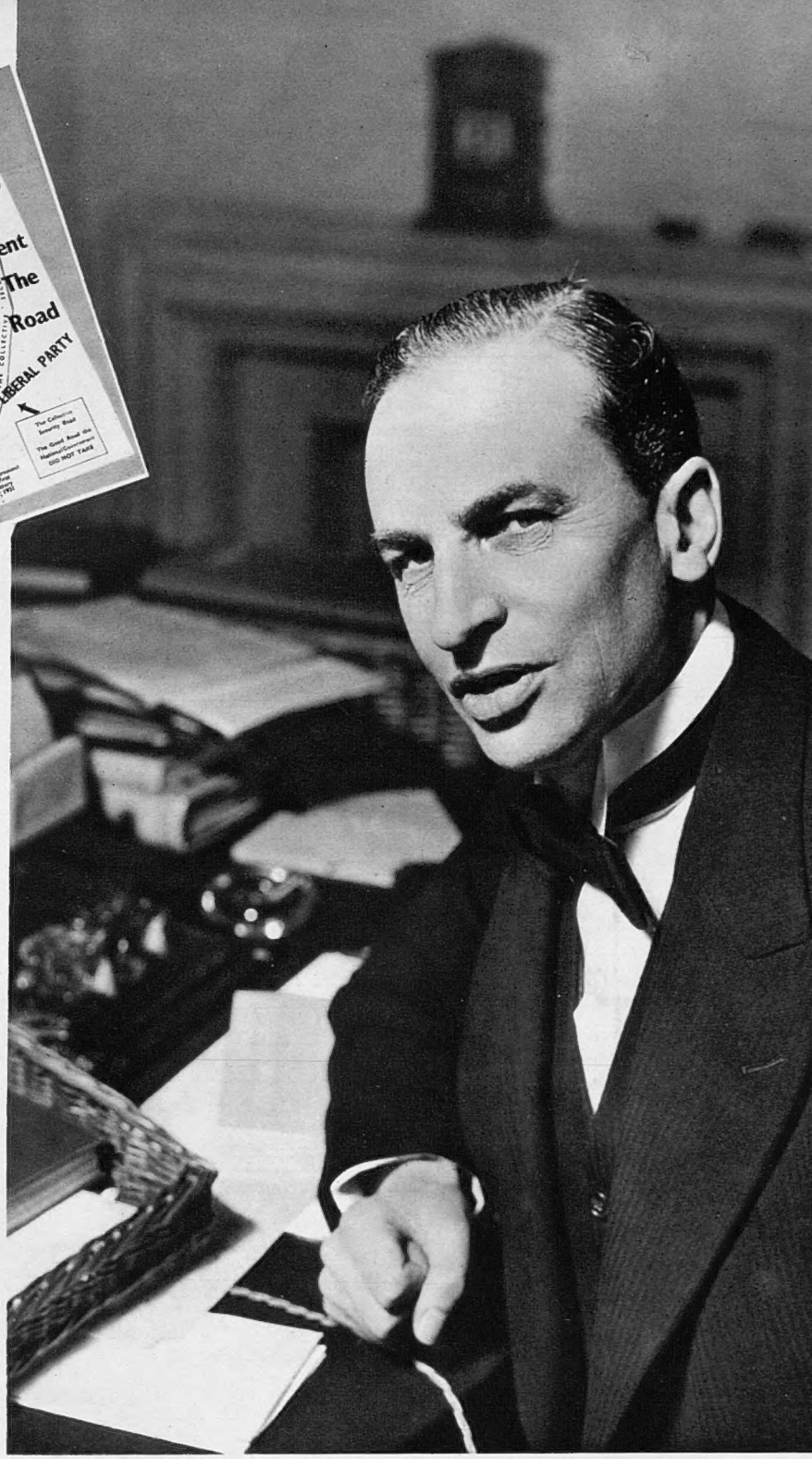
***Lawn Tennis:** Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Ritchie, Mrs. Camille Malfroy, and (in front) Daphne Clark and Nigel Sharpe, were at Queen's for the covered-court exhibition matches in aid of the Red Cross Fund. Mrs. Ritchie and Mrs. Malfroy are sisters, were Elizabeth and Sybil Gordon, and were married in last March and November respectively*

***Art:** Lord Methuen came up from Wiltshire for sending-in day at the Royal Academy, and here he is with an offering for the Selection Committee's favour. He had two pictures in last year's Academy. Is a National Gallery trustee*

This pre-war poster was prepared for a big Liberal autumn campaign, was withdrawn in September, when the wartime truce was made between the Opposition parties and the Government

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick

Key man in the party machine is Harcourt Johnstone, chairman of the Organisation Committee of the Liberal Party, hon. treasurer of the Liberal Central Association. He is a former M.P.—for East Willesden, 1923-24, South Shields, 1931-35



Opposition Leader

Liberal Sir Archibald Sinclair

The Leader of the Liberal Party in the House of Commons is a Highlander who owns 100,000 acres in one of the counties of the constituency, Caithness and Sutherland, which he has represented since 1922, and to which six generations of his family have given M.P.s. He had an American mother, but married a Scottish wife, and she and his two daughters, Catherine and Elizabeth, spend most of their time at Thurso Castle, and are now running a canteen for men of the Services stationed in Caithness. The two Sinclair sons are eighteen and fifteen. Sir Archibald Sinclair went to Eton and Sandhurst, and into the Army when he was twenty, succeeded his grandfather as fourth Baronet in 1912, served through the last war, entered politics in 1921 and Parliament the next year, became Chief Liberal Whip in 1930, Secretary of State for Scotland in 1931-32, was elected chairman of the Parliamentary Liberal Party in 1935. Apart from politics his chief interests are the administration of his estate, agriculture, and fishing. The Liberal Leader made an important speech on policy five or six weeks ago at the Queen's Hall, when he defined his party's peace aims, demanded a smaller war Cabinet, and a Minister of Economics (see also Mr. Macdonell's "The Passing Hour" this week)

Mlle. de Pannwitz and the Earl of Chichester

Lord Chichester and Ursula de Pannwitz were married in Holland. He is Third Secretary and Press Attaché to the British Legation at The Hague. She is the daughter of the late Walter de Pannwitz and Mme. Catalina de Pannwitz, of Hartekamp, Bennebroek, Holland. Bridesmaid and page were Madeleine and Alexander Frowein

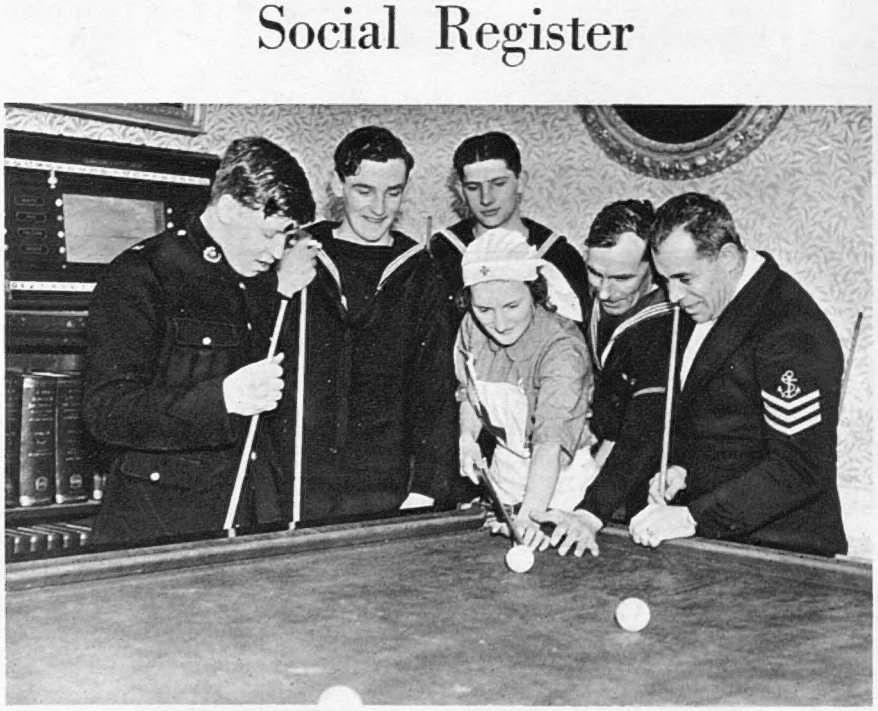
The Hon. Francis McLaren and Lady Rose Paget

The Hon. John Francis McLaren, second son of Lord and Lady Aberconway, of Bodnant, Talycafn, Denbighshire, and Lady Rose Paget, fourth daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Anglesey, of Plas Newydd, Isle of Anglesey, were married at Chelsea Old Church. They are both twenty-one this year

The Hon. George Milne

Second-Lieut. the Hon. Georg lery, is the only son of Field of 174, Ashley Gardens, S.W.1 daughter of Mr. and Mrs Gardens, S.W.1. They wer

Social Register

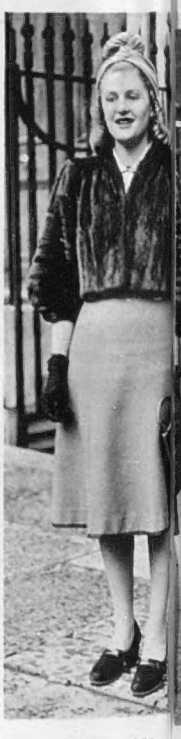


Miss Cynthia Shaw-Stewart and Some Convalescent Sailors

Cynthia Shaw-Stewart is working at the Lady Alice Hospital, established at Ardgowan, Inverkip, Renfrewshire, the home of her great-uncle and great-aunt, Sir Hugh and Lady Alice Shaw-Stewart. Lady Alice Shaw-Stewart, sister of the Marquess of Bath, is president of the Renfrew branch of the British Red Cross Society. Her niece is the younger daughter of Lieut.-Col. W. G. Shaw-Stewart, who is heir-presumptive to his uncle's baronetcy

Lady Aberconway

Lady Aberconway, her youngest son, Christopher, and her younger daughter, Ann, were at the wedding of her son and their brother, the Hon. Francis McLaren, to Lady Rose Paget



Mrs. Clive

Two guests at the ding were Mrs. beth Wellesley that Stanley. The recep- Duchess of Rutland's

and Miss Cicely Leslie

Douglass Milne, Royal Artil- Marshal Lord and Lady Milne, Cicely Leslie is the third Ronald Leslie, of 8, Sloane married in Westminster Abbey

Mr. Mayall and Miss Renée Burn

Alexander Lees Mayall and Renée Eileen Burn were married in the Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Mayall, of Bealings End, Woodbridge, Suffolk. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clive Burn, of 10, Buckingham Gate, S.W.1

Mr. Max Niven and Miss Doreen Platt

Second-Lieut. Henry Degacher (Max) Niven, Berkshire Yeomanry, and Doreen Platt, of 32, Lansdowne House, W.1, announced their engagement at Easter. He is the eldest son of the late W. G. Niven and the late Lady Comyn-Platt, and brother of film-star David Niven. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Platt, of Isipingo, Natal, S.A.

and Miss Stanley

McLaren-Paget wed- Thomas Clive (Eliza- was) and Constance tion was at the Duke and Audley Square house

Miss Burn's Bridesmaids

Elisabeth Mayall and Mollie Sullivan were blue-dressed bridesmaids to Renée Burn when she married Alexander Mayall (above). Mollie Sullivan is herself engaged to be married, to Second-Lieut. W. E. Heinemann, R.A.

Miss Isolde Parker and Viscount Hanworth

Sec.-Lt. Viscount Hanworth and Isolde Rosamond Parker are engaged. He succeeded his grandfather in 1936; his father was killed in action in 1918. His mother, the Hon. Mrs. Pollock, lives at Longdown Cottage, Sandhurst, Berks. His fiancée is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Parker, of 77, Cromwell Road, S.W.7

Three Stars of the Air

Peter Cresswell produced the radio version of "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington," with James Edmunds as Mr. Smith, James Stewart's film part. Here Cresswell watches Edmunds release a pigeon in a match between fanciers of Romford and Golders Green for the Frank Capra Cup. Mr. Smith, in the film, used pigeons to send letters home to his mother in the Middle West

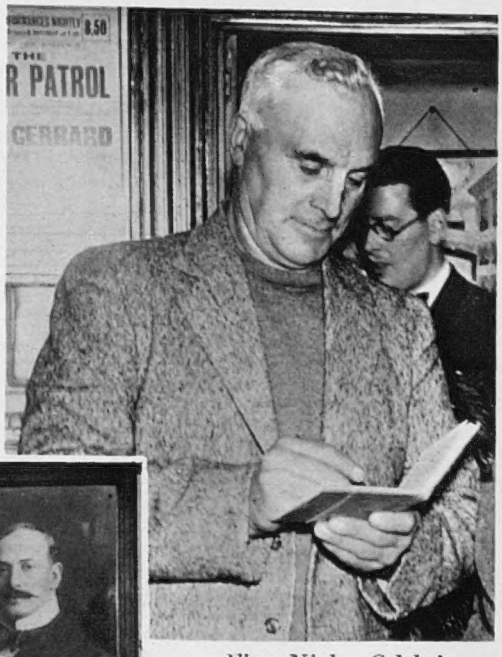
Gracie Fields Marries Monte Banks

Gracie Fields, best-loved star of the British music-hall and screen, was married at Beverly Hills, California, to film producer and one-time slapstick comedian Monte Banks. Municipal Judge Joseph Marchetti (centre) married them in the house of Gracie's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Stansfield, who have left Lancashire to settle in California

Show Celebrities

Stars in the Stalls

Patricia Burke, Binnie Hale and Cyril Ritchard were photographed at the Palace Theatre, Manchester, during a rehearsal of the new Leslie Henson musical, that opened there last week. Henson will make his return to London—at the Saville—on April 18th, and this new revue, "Up and Doing," by Douglas Furber, has a strong company, including Henson himself, Stanley Holloway and the three stars above



First-Night Celebrity

Pat Mullen, title-player in the film "Man of Aran," went to Wyndham's to see his daughter, Barbara, make her West End début in Aimée Stuart's "Jeannie." Her performance was lavishly praised by the critics, as it had been earlier when the play opened at the little Torch Theatre

Theatrical Agent With Some First-Class Merchandise

George Foster celebrated his seventy-sixth birthday and fiftieth year as a theatrical agent with a bevy of lovely ladies around him. Left to right (standing): Inga Anderson, Adèle Dixon, Doris Hare, Layon Pearce; (seated) Enid Stamp Taylor, Florence Desmond, George Foster, Evelyn Laye, Bébé Daniels. Foster recently published his autobiography, "The Spice of Life"

The Theatre: By Herbert Farjeon

"White Horse Inn" (London Coliseum)

IF it's not a revue, it's a revival. So somebody, with, more or less, truth. The assumption would seem to be that what was good enough for 1914 will, or should, be more than good enough for 1940. One manager even announced the other day that he had a play which did quite well in the provinces last war, so he was thinking of putting it on in the West End this. Meanwhile, the big war and post-war successes return. *Chu Chin Chow* advances once more upon the town. *The Beggar's Opera* is already here. And at the London Coliseum they now sing Tyrol-lirol twice a day, with Tyrolean dresses and Tyrolean sets, followed by Tyrolean sets and Tyrolean dresses. If you like being tyrolised over, this is the show for you.

WHAT a display it is! What chalets, what balconies, what tiers on tiers of windows for the multitudinous popping out of heads at the given cue! What mountains and what a lake, accommodating what practical steamboats! What a Town Hall, with what twopenny-trumpet local dignitaries in riotous conclave! What mountain-tops, what real goats and unreal waterfalls, what cowherds, foresters and motor-coaches, what local swimming-baths, so congested with beauty that you may wonder how often the water is changed! But the more this show changes, the more it is the same thing. Has ever local colour been plugged with more verve and assiduity?

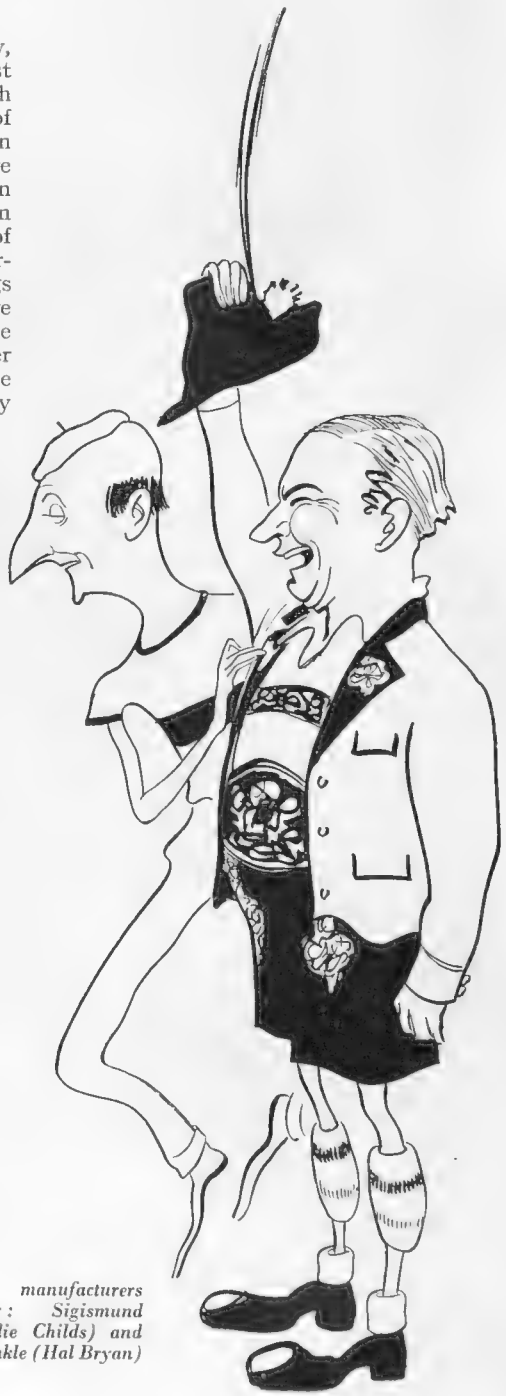
I STILL don't understand the plot, any more than I understand why people in the Austrian Tyrol go to bed in the daytime or why they flock out of doors as soon as it begins to rain. Something about a waiter (Derek Oldham), who is in love with the proprietress of the inn (Nita Croft) and nearly doesn't marry her because she is smitten with an English solicitor (Gordon Little). Something about a stout comedian (Hal Bryan) who has invented a new kind of underwear which buttons down the back (or front) and is on the verge of a lawsuit with a rival who has invented a similar kind of underwear which buttons down the front (or back). So it was Mary Lawson, the soubrette, I waited for when she wasn't on, because she has an original vivacity that does not suggest all hands to the pumps.

"THE SILVER PATROL," at the New, is not a revival, but it is almost exactly like the musical comedies, with big misunderstandings at the end of Part I., that are burlesqued when musical comedies are burlesqued. There is, however, a definite innovation in Part II., the story being brought to an abrupt conclusion hot on the heels of the interval. The comedian (Gene Gerrard) and the soubrette then sing songs to us until it is time to go home. There are, I must confess, times when the black-out does seem rather jolly after all. Can this be the service that the theatre is performing for the country in wartime?

Young love in the Alps: Ottoline (Nancy Burne) and Valentine Sutton, of Sutton, Sutton, Sutton and Sutton (Gordon Little)

Singing waiter and sympathetic mistress: Leopold (Derek Oldham) and Josepha (Nita Croft)

Sketches by Rouson



Underwear manufacturers on holiday: Sigismund Smith (Eddie Childs) and Ebenezer Ginkle (Hal Bryan)

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

E45206, the number of the engine of the armoured train which took Hitler to the Brenner Pass conference, is extremely unlucky, an authority on occult matters divulged shyly the other day. So is the Brenner Pass, which, with the two dictators, adds up to 6, indicating "strife, entanglement, and trouble through indecision." Moreover, we got a pamphlet by post the other day which not only showed that 666, the Mark of the Beast, refers now to the Nazi régime, but proved by a kind of proposition in Euclid, with Hebraic decorations, that Germany is as good as in the bag already. This is extremely satisfactory, we thought, and very decent of the occult boys to publish such facts, which they might easily have kept to themselves. And we still think the Government should mobilise all soothsayers on a military basis and issue regular astrological communiqués announcing, for example, that in the Fourth House Jupiter is in decadence (or the bogey-hutch), and in a tetragonical aspect to Saturn, associated with Mercury, revealing that Hitler will capitulate and resign at 6.53 next Tuesday evening precisely and retire to a Trappist monastery. Meanwhile other magicians would be hard at work indenting for crystal globes, grimoires, sieves, frogs' hearts, hoops, alembics, furnaces, bull's-gall, aludels, wands, dragon's-blood, mandrake roots, curcubites, hogs' bladders, poppy-seed, black cocks, pentagrams, asses' heads, athanors, and other necessary apparatus, and reporting to a special Cabinet council every 48 hours. Official broadcasts would then comfort the Island Race and take its mind off those good-luck-bad-luck chain-prayer letters which seem to be worrying it just now. Before tearing up the latest one we noticed that the proportion of female to male cretins signing these things is now about fifteen to one instead of about ten; and every one of these sweethearts has a vote.

Ban

RATS having been discovered in the Bodleian, notices have been put up saying: "Readers are not allowed to eat in the Library." This edict will, we take it, deprive not a few browsers under Bodley's dome of the harmless and probably healthful pleasure of nourishing body and mind simultaneously. The Ideal Academic Library, as we should plan it, is panelled with ancient oak, lit by high windows of clear glass by day and by candles at night, and divided by carved oaken screens into cubicles, each containing one chair and one broad oaken desk, at the right-hand corner of which is a contrivance in hand-forged iron for holding a bottle of Burgundy or port, at the reader's choice. (Compare Slogger Blackstone, who codified the Laws of England with a bottle constantly on the table. The value of such a brain-tonic need not be insisted on.)

"Beg pardon, m'lord, but you've omitted to remove your cycling-clips"

Servants would noiselessly remove the empties, when required, and replace them with fresh bottles, also removing any dons, who, as dons will, had abused this privilege and were lying about sozzled or issuing venomous challenges to fight. At the customary hours food would be served to those who wanted it, and those booksy characters whose brains can work only (they say) under intense emotional stimulus, would be permitted to exchange a few ardent hugs and kisses with half-a-dozen agreeable *filles de bibliothèque* employed for that purpose, under the careful eye of the Chief Librarian. (Pink ticket.)

Having spent many hours in the British Museum, the Bibliothèque Nationale and other places, enduring the joyless atmosphere in which one is expected to imbibe the milk of knowledge from Mother Science's ample bosom—if this is not too indelicate—we feel a little of the old Renaissance spirit is indicated for the library world: not the gloomy, despairing, or suicidal half of the said spirit, but the eupeptic, festive, and even erotic half. Stringed music might play. The librarians might dance. Books might be wheeled round in gilt, shell-shaped trolleys by laughing nymphs, rose-crowned and barefoot. Wine would be poured on request by other nymphs, and yet others, rosy-fingered and hyacinthine-locked, would perch gaily on the knees of approved dons and turn over the pages for them. (Blue ticket.) Write to Sir T. Bodley, "Mon Abri," Boar's Hill, Oxford, mentioning Mrs. McGinty.

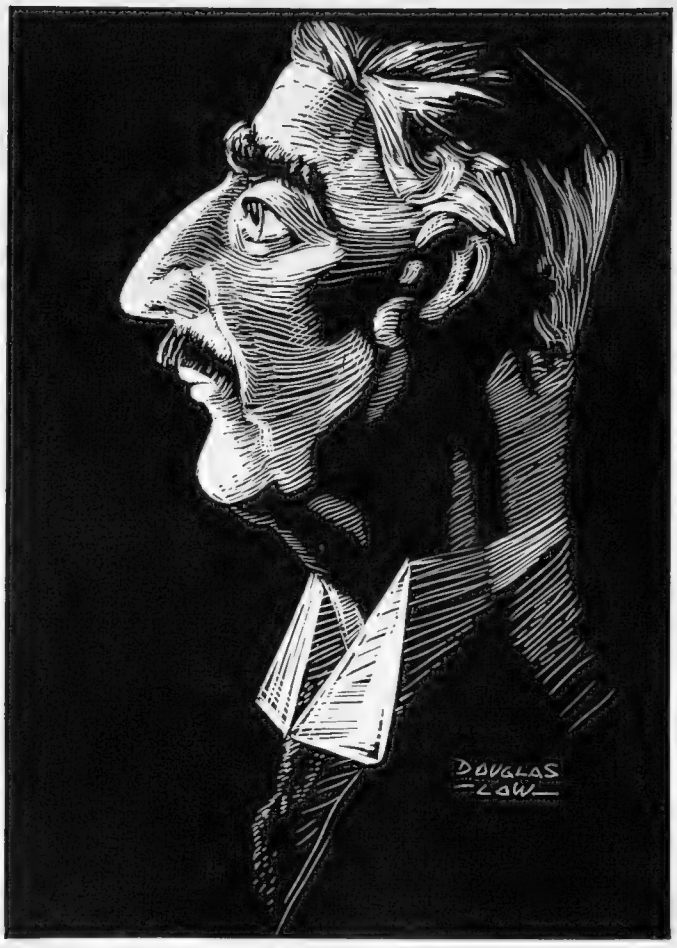
"Frankly, modom, you look terrible in all of them"

Legend

CUTLASSES, it seems, were not used in the Altmark epic after all. Thus does the Fleet Street boys' sleepless and most relentless enemy, that stern goddess of reality whom the Greeks called Aletheia, or again, Ananke, get back at them once more with a swingeing left hook to the jaw. If you remember, the Altmark story, already packed enough with thrills and stamped in every link with the 18-carat Nelson hallmark, was given an added sparkle of *Treasure*

(Concluded on page 44)

Benign Neutral: Mr. Franklin Delano Roosevelt



Impassive Briton: The Rt. Hon. Neville Chamberlain

Another Low Tilts at the Mighty:

Five caricatures by Douglas Low, executed in his original scraper-board technique

Screaming Propagandist: Dr. Goebbels

Oratorical Führer: Herr Hitler

Confused Diplomat: Herr von Ribbentrop

Standing By . . .

(Continued from page 42)

Island romance by the report that the Cossack's boarding-party leapt aboard the enemy flourishing those cutlasses, as in the days of Smollett. Apparently one would be as likely to find officers on the Western Front at the moment drawing their trusty sabres when going on patrol; but our sympathies are doggedly with the Press boys. It was a rattling fine detail, and if the Admiralty didn't think of providing it, so much the worse for the Admiralty. As *The Times* remarked, we may murmur a little, on grounds purely sentimental.

And while we're on this topic, we think Auntie deserves a smart rap on the bustle for quoting *Treasure Island* but ignoring that much finer pirate story, Mr. Masefield's *Lost Endeavour*, which is six times as exciting and about a dozen times better written than Stevenson's schoolboy thriller (being the work of a sailor), and gives you about twenty times the value for your money, with wild Red Indians and ghostly Aztec mysticism thrown in. The dumbness of the booksy racket is shown by the fact that this grand yarn was hawked round every reputable publishing house in England and America and only Nelson's would look at it. Compare the dumbness of the West End theatre racket, which turned down *Journey's End* with marvellous unanimity.

Figure

MANY beyond his intimate friends are feeling the loss of Aubrey Hammond, whose artistic work, especially his posters and stage decors, was so distinctive, and whose figure and personality were so unique. Fleet Street and Lincoln's Inn, where he had a studio for some years, recognised him as the lineal successor in bulk and weight to G. K. Chesterton. For the milieu of the West End stage, which he embellished so long with scenery and costumes of great beauty and, when necessary, scholarly attention to detail—you may remember those lovely sets for the Chinese play, *The Circle of Chalk*, for the designs of which Hammond ransacked the museums for months—he had a massive contempt. Once, at some dress rehearsal or other, when the producer took one more petulant crack at some scenic piece, Hammond, who had stood enough, heaved his gigantic torso out of a neighbouring stall with surprising vivacity and chased the terrified mogul up the aisle, up and across the stage, and into the mazes of the backstage corridors, where he only escaped by ducking into a dressing-room and bolting the door. All too rarely does Fortune thus favour the artist in his never-ending argument with the Philistine, all too rarely does she equip him not only with a pretty wit but a vast muscular frame and a fist capable of felling an omnibus. But such revolts were rare; an abundant humour, a happy sense of the grotesque, and a perpetual zest for good food, wine, and company made Aubrey Hammond a companion—especially when travelling abroad—of the choicest. Siena and Le Touquet and Florence will always echo, for us, to his laughter, and Paris, which he knew and loved since student days, is full of nooks which will long seem strange, bereft of that Falstaffian presence. Few large men mind so little continual harmless jests by intimates about their size and shape. A couple of years ago the already-considerable Hammond Legend was enriched by a report by Mr. Philip Page that on a recent visit to Danzig our traveller had got wedged in the Polish Corridor. Hammond marked that one appreciatively alpha-plus.

"It's not so bad for the French — they like *these things"*

Carillon

IN an age which delights in every kind of hellish mechanical din but hasn't much use for the kind of music made by bells, the news that Goering has commandeered all the bronze bells in Germany for the munition metal-reserve will probably move very few to tears. (Actually Goering will provide substitutes and compensation, or so he says.) Bells have suffered in this way ever since cannon came in, and will doubtless continue so to do until the Great Wellsian Rosy Dawn; but it is a pity. This remark covers chiefly the belfries and carillon-towers of the Low Countries, where bell-music is still one of the major arts, but applies equally to such master-bells as the Bourdon of Notre-Dame, which has such a note of majesty and doom, the Savoyarde of Montmartre, Great Edward of Westminster, 90 per cent. of the thousand bells of Rome (whose names we forget but whose voices, heard on a festal summer evening over the Campagna, live in the memory), and many a humble rustic English bell which never had a name at all but just a number, like a convict, or a Pullman car destined for the middle-classes, or the inmates of a Big Business man's seraglio, or the citizens of the Coming State. For the lesser sorts of bells, such as doorbells, telephone-bells, diving-bells, and dumb-bells, we've no particular feeling, still less for those bells on American locomotives, which are nearly as mournful as the bells on buoys, whose clangour is a perpetual lament for the hard, lewd lives of sailormen, who, as Dr. Johnson said, "are happy as brutes are happy—with a piece of fresh meat, with the grossest sensuality."

The truth of this generalisation was borne in on us the other night when we saw a naval bloke we know eyeing an actress over dinner at the Savoy, except that the meat was cooked, the naval bloke being a trifle that way, too. This has little or nothing to do with bells, but is just an interesting observation on marine life, which is unchanging yet full of mild surprises.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

More Fragments from France : By Bruce Bairnsfather

"If loadin' these —— beets comes under Diggin' for Victory,
we must 'ave won a month ago"

By Question and Answer

The British Institute of Public Opinion, affiliated to the American, tells us what we think

STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL

THE BRITISH INSTITUTE OF PUBLIC OPINION
Would like YOUR Opinion

Survey Forms No. 66—January, 1940

1. (a) Do you buy meals away from home? Y☐ No 76%
   Yes 24%
   (b) If so, how many times a week as a rule?
2. Do you ever happen to listen to foreign stations?
   X☐ Yes 65% X☐ No 35%
   Which was the last one you heard?
   Comment
3. Which of the two B.B.C. programmes do you prefer:
   0☐ Home Service. 59% 0☐ H.F. Service? 26% No Opinion 15%
   Comment
4. In general, do you approve or disapprove of Mr. Chamberlain as Prime Minister?
   1☐ Approve 56% 1☐ Disapprove 32% 1☐ Don't know 12%
5. Have you suffered any physical injury because of the black-out?
   2☐ Yes 15% 2☐ No 85%
   Comment
6. Have you bought, or are you buying, any National Defence bonds or any of the new issue of National Saving Certificates?
   3☐ Bought 9% 3☐ Buying through a savings group 5% 2☐ No 86%
   Comment
7. In your opinion is the black-out properly observed in your neighbourhood?
   4☐ Yes 72% 4☐ No 24% 3☐ Don't know 5%
   Comment
8. Do you approve or disapprove of Britain sending arms to help Finland? 5☐ Approve 74% 5☐ Disapprove 18% 4☐ Don't know 8%
   Would you approve or disapprove of sending British troops to help Finland? 6☐ Approve 33% 6☐ Disapprove 50% 5☐ Don't know 17%
   Comment
9. Which do you think Italy will do in this war:
   7☐ Join the Allies 34% 7☐ Join Germany 5% 6☐ Remain neutral 34% 7☐ Don't know 27%
10. 8☐ 8☐
11. If there were a Parliamentary Election tomorrow, how would you vote?
    9☐ Government 49% 9☐ Opposition 30% 8☐ Don't know 21%
    Comment
    In the last Parliamentary Election did you vote?
    1☐ Government 2☐ Opposition 3☐ TY 4☐ Didn't vote

1☐ Man	1☐ Av. +	3☐ Av.−	1☐ Tel.	1☐ Car	1☐ Rad.
2☐ Woman	2☐ Av.	4☐ UN	2☐ No. Tel.	2☐ No Car	2☐ No Rad

1 2 3 (Do not mark)

Age.....
Occupation .....
Reporter's No. .....
Constituency.....

a) Simply mark the square relevant to the answer given
b) Do not fold the forms.
c) Ignore letters or figures in front of squares. They are only there for tabulation.

☒ Do not block out the irrelevant squares

Strictly Confidential

The form above *bears one of the recent sets of questions with which Public Opinion interviewers were armed on their rounds, among which are: Do you buy meals away from home (24 per cent. do)? Do you approve of Chamberlain as P.M. (56 per cent. do)? What do you think Italy will do in this war, join Allies (34 per cent.), join Germany (5 per cent.), remain neutral (34 per cent.)? Stock questions at bottom to classify questioned person: How did you vote last election? Telephone subscriber, car owner, wireless licensee? M. or F., income group, age, occupation, constituency. Interviewers—mostly economics or sociology students, retired civil servants—are told how many of each sort of person to pick on to obtain a true microcosm (e.g., unemployed form 1-15th of electorate, so in a survey division of 10,000 people, 666 unemployed have to be interviewed)*

Henry W. Durant *is founder and chief of the British Institute of Public Opinion. Born in 1902, he is a graduate of the London School of Economics, a tutorial class lecturer in the University of London, has published a book, "The Problems of Leisure." He claims results correct to within 3 per cent.*

A painter *is questioned. He is sixty, weighs his answers, co-operates with interviewer Frank Crawford in a kindly way. It is his sort who bulwark democracy*

A tobacconiste *is questioned. She is twenty-five, not sure of herself at first, then warms up as interviewer Susan Smith proceeds. She approves of Chamberlain, prefers B.B.C. Home Service to Forces programme*

A lance-corporal *is questioned on Westminster Bridge. He is twenty-eight, runs a wireless, but no car or telephone. He too prefers the B.B.C.'s Home Service programme to the one designed for him and his mates*

A hairdresser's assistant *is questioned on her way to work. She is nineteen (no vote), says she too prefers B.B.C. Home Service, but on closer questioning admits she hasn't tried the other. Quite satisfied with Government*

An insurance agent *is questioned in Trafalgar Square. He is fifty-five, hasn't bought any Defence Bonds ("haven't any money"), doesn't know yet how he would vote next time ("depends on reason for election")*

Tabulating results *is not undertaken by Public Opinion itself: it hands out its filled-in forms to the British Tabulating Machine Company, whose young ladies hand them to their mechanical colleagues. Results come out on a tape as from a teleprinter* →

DR. GEORGE GALLUP, a twenty-eight-year-old professor of journalism, wanted to find out what sort of features periodical readers best liked: instead of a plebiscite (all of the people some of the time), he took a representative poll (some of the people all of the time), developed the service to cover politics. James Bryce wrote in 1888: "The obvious weakness of government by opinion is the difficulty of ascertaining it." Gallup thinks he has overcome this difficulty, and his figures to date prove him right (he got within one per cent. of official returns at political elections). His idea is now worked by the American Institute of Public Opinion, founded by him, and in 1936 a British Institute, affiliated, was started. Four years of spade-work, and the Institute is dug in, its tabulating machinery working smoothly, its results publicised regularly in the "News-Chronicle." It has not yet, true, achieved such a position in public life as Gallup polls have in America, nor even such publicity as Tom Harrisson's Mass-Observation ("Bystander," November 29th). Whether such investigation and tabulation is a passing craze or an invaluable contribution to working democracy, is at present a matter of opinion; so, too, is whether the conservative, home-is-my-castle Englishman will suffer constant questions about his private life. But there seems no reason to regard public opinion as the body was once regarded—better not probed; and if the body politic is as much fortified as the body personal by examination, so much the better. Worth noting is the difference between Mass-Observation and Public Opinion: the former started from an anthropological viewpoint; the latter from politico-statistical; the former is more subjective, makes reports on its studies of habits and trends, the latter is purely objective, asks only yes-or-no questions, gives results as figures only

Photographs by Pictorial Press

In conference *between Durant and his interviewers, a new set of questions is worked out, and the cycle starts all over again* →

At Tara *the O'Hara family and their negro house servants kneel for evening prayers—Mr. and Mrs. O'Hara (Thomas Mitchell, Barbara O'Neil), Luellen, Careen and Scarlett O'Hara (Evelyn Keyes, Ann Rutherford, Vivien Leigh), Pork and Mammy (Oscar Polk, Hattie McDaniel)*

Belle *of the party at Twelve Oaks, where the Wilkes family live, is Scarlett O'Hara. The dashing, gay and handsome Southern boys crowd round her, including her childhood friends, the Tarleton brothers, Brent and Stuart (Fred Crane, George Reeves)*

Married *to her third husband, Rhett Butler, a rich blockade-runner (Clark Gable), Scarlett leads a stormy, unhappy life in Atlanta after the Civil War*

Confederate *wounded in blood-stained thousands pour back to Atlanta from the Civil War battlefields. Scarlett Butler, with other Southern ladies, helps to tend them*

Melanie *(Olivia de Havilland), who married Ashley Wilkes, the man Scarlett loved, has her baby in Scarlett's house during the Union attack on Atlanta, with Scarlett as midwife, and no doctor available*

Among the ruins *of their childhood homes, Scarlett and Ashley (Leslie Howard) meet again, and Scarlett realises that her love for him, like their gay carefree youth, belongs to the past*

Ashley, Scarlett and Melanie

"Gone With the Wind"

Rhett Butler and Scarlett

Never has a film had more fuss made about it than M.-G.-M.'s screen version of Mary Mitchell's *Gone With the Wind*. First about who 'd play Scarlett O'Hara, then about Vivien Leigh being chosen, then over the world premiere in Atlanta, then a colossal to-do over the New York three-theatre premiere, sold out months in advance, then more fuss about the film winning nine of the ten Academy of Motion Pictures awards. On April 18th the eyes of the film world will be on the Empire, the Palace and the Ritz theatres of London, to see the British-premiere audiences living up to this standard of pother and excitement. The film, say dispassionate American critics, is good; it is in Technicolor, was produced by David O. Selznick, directed by Victor Fleming

The Selection Committee and Some Onlookers

Seated in the centre are the selection committee—Raymond Coxon, Ala Story, and Walter Creighton. Onlookers (left to right) are John Farleigh, Charles Murray, Clifford Hall, Stephen Chapman and Bruce Hollingsworth

Fitting of the Gas Masks, by Jan Gordon

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick

The Committee Regrets . . .

The War As I See It

The Latest Exhibition of the Enterprising British Art Centre at the Stafford Gallery

Mutual Thoughts, by Charles Murray

Gas, by Jack Sassoon

Essex, by John Armstrong

Sentinels of Peace, by Algernon Newton, A.R.A.

The British Art Centre opens its latest exhibition to-day at the Stafford Gallery in St. James's Place. Since its birth in November of last year, this venture has done admirable work for the artist in wartime under the direction of its organising secretary, Mrs. Ala Story, and over fifty pictures have been sold. The theme of the present exhibition is *The War As I See It.* The pictures have been chosen by the selection committee for their artistic value rather than the strength or originality of their message. Negotiations are now in progress to open a branch of the British Art Centre in New York (where *The War As I See It* will probably go after its London showing) and an impressive potential committee has been approached of whom three have already accepted. They are the Hon. Irwin Laughlin, an American collector and diplomat and a former American Ambassador to Spain; Cass Canfield, President of Harpers, and Dr. Valentiner, Director of the Detroit Museum of Fine Arts. The Marquess of Lothian, British Ambassador in Washington, is now an honorary member of the London Committee, and would be an important link between the London and New York branches. Raymond Coxon and Walter Creighton (who with Ala Story make up the Art Centre's selection committee) are both distinguished artists and a reproduction of Coxon's *England Marches* appears below. Walter Creighton, son of a former Bishop of London, is an expert on stage and exhibition lighting who has worked for C. B. Cochran and organised the effects for a number of tattoos. Another interesting exhibit is an oil painting by John Farleigh (better known as a wood engraver), who has illustrated books by D. H. Lawrence and Sacheverell Sitwell and was responsible for the distinctive decorations to Bernard Shaw's *Black Girl in Search of God.* Farleigh has just published a book (half text book on engraving, half autobiography), *Graven Image*

The Evacuee, by S. Keiller

England Marches, by Raymond Coxon

Roye

Jessie Matthews Comes Out to Play

Miss Matthews has come back to play on the London stage after six and a half years away from it, and her audiences are delighted with her, just as they always were. From the summer of 1933 till January 1939 she put all her talents into film-making, then she and husband Sonnie Hale went touring in a big musical comedy, which was about due in London when war came. They put that temporarily in cold storage, and started work on a revue. Critics (including our Mr. Farjeon last week) were lukewarm about *Come Out to Play!* when it arrived at the Phœnix just before Easter, but then they 've had to see such a lot of revues, good, bad and indifferent, since September. Audiences have reacted more favourably: they frankly like the show, and especially Mr. and Mrs. Hale, who, one or other or both, sing and dance and joke and act sketches and compère with indefatigable vitality and good humour

Films of the Day

Another Rasputin Film—from France

By George Campbell

RASPUTIN was a fascinating scoundrel; but haven't we had rather much of him? The Germans did him, with Conrad Veidt wearing his beard and shirt and top-boots with a sinister distinction that might well have enchanted the bored, sensation-seeking young ladies of the Imperial Court, only too willing to try almost anything once. The picture of Veidt's Rasputin staggering out into the snow with long, slow strides, while his slayer pumps lead into him from behind, is burned for ever on my memory.

By contrast, the Hollywood production, with Lionel Barrymore as the Mad Monk, was just another million-dollar chunk of celluloid. By the time Princess Youssopoff had sued the producers, and they had forked out damages and costs variously estimated at from £50,000 to £100,000, even M.-G.-M. probably agreed that it was all a mistake.

I dare say the new French picture, *La Tragédie Impériale*, is as good as the German. The production, for all the alleged bankruptcy of the French studios, lacks nothing in lavishness or piquancy. We see Rasputin, the peasant hedge-preacher and miracle-worker, casting out devils from screaming women by a method of his own—apparently a simple application of the Freudian principle that the cause of the trouble is pretty sure to be sex-repression. Siberian peasants, bidden by indignant orthodox priests to follow them to church, prefer Rasputin's more amusing way to salvation. They must love, sing, dance, kiss, sin. "Sin!" he howls at them, "for your sins will make you blush with shame!"—and in shame, it seems, lies redemption. Not exactly a new formula, but, given a credulous flock and a shepherd of powerful personality, one that always attracts adherents. The Censor has left enough of the orgiastic bits, both in these early scenes and later in St. Petersburg, to show that Rasputin's converts did not lack for zeal.

"MARIE ANTOINETTE" was prefaced with a note to the effect that the characters were entirely imaginary, and that any resemblance to actual characters was accidental. The recent *You Nazty Spy*, a Hollywood burlesque of Hitler, Goering and Goebbels, warned you that any resemblance to real people was a miracle. *La Tragédie Impériale* calls Rasputin's killer "Count Igor Kourloff," and attempts to ward off libel risks with a note that only the Russian Royal Family and Rasputin are historical.

The Court scenes are uncommonly well done. The Czar is played by Jean Worms with simple dignity and a most convincing make-up; Marcelle Chantal touchingly conveys the anxiety of the Czarina over her chronic invalid of a son; and the fundamental goodness and stupid credulity of the Royal couple, and the simplicity of their minds and life in the midst of luxury and corruption, are admirably suggested.

In such a setting Rasputin was a hawk amongst pigeons. His influence on the Czar and (especially) the Czarina was such that when he started demanding peace the Army decided he had to go; and several attempts were made on his life, all of a characteristically incompetent nature.

At this point in the film, the conspirators approach "Count Igor Kourloff," fiancé of "Princess Ania Katina." Rasputin, in his eyes too, is a menace to his country He is also a menace to the lovely Ania, and when she agrees to accompany the monk to the front, where he hopes to induce the Czar to stop the war, Kourloff agrees to assassinate him. Once again we see a doctor injecting poison into cakes and wine, alleged to be enough to kill ten men in twenty seconds.

Was the poison poor stuff, as wartime stuff is apt to be in a muddling country like Russia? Was the doctor ignorant? Or did the conspirators, staring with wonderment and horror as Rasputin goes on eating and drinking when he ought to be a corpse on the floor, simply overestimate the speed at which the poison worked? In other words, would Rasputin have died without the shooting? Or had the man the miraculous powers of resistance with which he has been credited?

We shall never know. All that is certain is that Rasputin, as "Kourloff" made agonised small-talk, showed no signs of illness, and that the conspirators, all nerves and impatience, started firing at him. Even then the monk was an unconscionable time a-dying. (Again, was it his extraordinary physique? Or just bad shooting?) Anyway, die he eventually did, and the conspirators bundled him into a sledge, and chopped a hole in the ice, and dropped him into the Neva. And that, at last, was that.

HARRY BAUR is an actor of something uncommonly like genius. Even when you have grown accustomed to his technique, his long moments of immobility followed by the crash of a glass and a wild howl, he still has power to grip the imagination and lift you out of your seat. His vitality, too, is astonishing. He must be seventy, perhaps older. And yet he plays Rasputin with the vigour of voice and gesture of a man at least twenty years younger. Marcelle Chantal, as I have said, is an admirable Czarina, Pierre-Richard Willm brings a telling nervous intensity to the role of Kourloff, Carine Nelson makes an attractive Princess Ania, and Jany Holt makes the most of the epileptic peasant girl who first loves Rasputin (after the "cure") and then, at the prompting of a fanatical monk, tries to murder him. Marcel l'Herbier directed.

THE other new films, *Hitler—Beast of Berlin*, showing the horrors of Nazi prison camps, and *The Night of Nights*, a dull, intolerably sentimental backstage affair, with Pat O'Brien and Olympe Bradna, hardly call for criticism.

But I must say a good word for the new *March of Time*, dealing with Canada at war, and the first issue to reach this country of the brilliant French official war record, *Journal de Guerre*. Here, to coin a phrase, is truth more exciting than fiction.

The Czar and His Mother in "La Tragédie Impériale"

Jean Worms plays the Czar and Gabrielle Robinne his mother, in the latest Rasputin film, "La Tragédie Impériale," at the Embassy, Tottenham Court Road. Harry Baur (whose picture appeared in the "Bystander" last week), as Rasputin, takes the part played by Conrad Veidt and Lionel Barrymore in previous German and American films

"Bystander" Short Story

My Chief

Story and Decorations By Helen Riehm

I'VE always said that I have a good chief. He is always polite, says "Please" when he wants to dictate letters and "Thank you" when I leave with my writing-pad for my room. He never forgets to introduce me to people who come to see him: "Mr. X—— Miss Johnson, the soul of my office," he always says.

Sometimes he invites me to the musical dinner-parties, which his wife gives. As a rule the meal consists of a hundred tiny tit-bits, which are served and consumed in an extremely æsthetic manner. After the coffee, the musicians (I suppose they get a lot of money for these parties) unpack their instruments and my chief fetches the violoncello for his wife. I don't understand enough about music to appreciate these modern disharmonies. I prefer Haydn or Mozart but it is a pleasure to look at his wife playing her violoncello. She has beautiful white arms and hands; her hair curls low in the nape of her neck; her ample long frock swells out round her violoncello.

At these crowded parties I feel like the secretary who is invited because she is the daughter of a schoolfellow. It is difficult to behave properly at parties when you have no husband or lover to whom you can nod, whom you can approach across the room, at whose side you can sit. I am not particularly pretty; I usually choose my place in the corner and self-consciously study the modern pictures on the walls. When someone asks me a question, I answer just a little too eagerly and then am annoyed with myself.

Sometimes I notice that my chief disappears for an hour or so but, when the guests leave, he comes back and always insists on taking me home. I suspect that he takes this opportunity to have a good supper elsewhere, for I know that when I get home I always need a few thick sandwiches. These æsthetic dinners and these modern quartettes make me very hungry.

LAST Monday my chief didn't come to the office. In the afternoon his wife sent a message by a maid to say that he was in hospital and that I should go and see him. I was in such a hurry that I grudged myself the time to look into the mirror to put on my hat. I placed my writing-pad and a few important letters in my handbag before taking the 'bus for the West End and Professor M.'s clinic.

Professor M. is a famous surgeon. His private clinic is one of those places that charge three guineas a day and extras. A nurse took me to my chief and smiled at me when she opened the double doors.

My chief lay back in bed. His left arm above the elbow rested on a bolstered frame; his forearm stood vertically in the air and his lifted index-finger was thickly bandaged.

"It's nice of you to come to see me, Johnny! *Please,* come nearer! What a serious face!"

As he shook my hand he laughed and pulled me down, making me sit on the edge of his bed.

"Please take off your hat. What do you think of me? I've a poisoned finger like a small boy who has been playing in the dirt."

I could not speak. I was so astonished to find him so cheerful and with only a bandaged finger. I had imagined that there would have to be a major operation and that he wanted first to give me instructions for the office.

After I had taken off my hat, I gave him the letters. Although I dislike women fiddling about with their combs, powder and lipstick, I took my mirror from my handbag, smoothed my hair and put a touch of red on my lips. Funny to sit so near a man on his bed. I glanced at him from over the mirror and noticed that he was not reading his letters, but that he was watching me.

"Much prettier without a hat," he said, and he laughed again. Then I helped him to open the letters and he began to read them. Meanwhile I looked round the room. White walls, white floor; the double doors to the balcony were open; a sunlit tree swayed in the wind. The bed I sat on was covered with books and newspapers; a few papers lay on the floor; on the bedside table there were a bottle of brandy, a glass and a vase of lilac. The balcony was sunny. I heard the flies humming; maybe it was bees. The room was shadowy and cool. I was glad it was such a lovely summer day and that I had put on my pale blue linen dress. Really, my hat was not attractive. I looked at it lying there on the bed. I tried to push it behind my back and hide it under the papers.

"Plenty of time for that," my chief said, and returned the letters. I put them back in my handbag.

"I can't stay here more than a few days," he said. "To-morrow or the day after my finger will be all right, unfortunately. I'm having a lovely time here, my child. So peaceful! No music, no paintings. Formerly, when I was fed up with all the art at my place, I had to travel. It was expensive, too, and there was the bother with the luggage, time-table and hotels. There *are* nice spots in the world but, if it was Tyrol or the South of France, I only began to enjoy myself when I was in my room, lying in bed. By now I've heard and read such witty descriptions of all the places where one can possibly go that I no longer want to see them. My dear child, you can't imagine how tiresome art can be. Nothing but art, nothing but refinement and gentleness and everything so beautiful. My wife is like a picture; our walls are full of paintings; the colours of my room are chosen by an artist. The books I like are not artistic; the music I like to listen to isn't, either. I used to escape from these things by going for a trip.

"On Saturday evening I had a bit of a row with my wife because I mistook Hindemith for Schoenberg. Hindemith and Schoenberg! Blast me, I don't understand either of them! Heaven sent me a poisoned finger.

"We had a lot of fun this morning. Two stretcher-bearers came, raised me on to a bed with wheels and pushed me to the lift. In the surgery the Professor and the assistants, sterilised from head to foot and with gauze in front of their noses and mouths, waited for me. I laughed; the Professor, who is a good friend of mine, laughed too and so did the assistants and the nurses. They laughed so much that they could hardly start the job. I hope to God that I shan't have to be carried there for anything worse than a cut finger!

"My wife refuses to come here, so she won't see my books and say 'Detective novels—what trash!' God bless her! She is a good girl and so beautiful.

"Well, I took a few days' holiday. I do deserve it: what do you think, Johnny?"

He looked at me comically, like a little boy, and added: "It's pretty painful. Now and again I take a sip of brandy."

He seized my hand and pressed it. Then I helped him take a cigarette from his case and light it. I didn't say a word. I never talk much because I always feel so awkward.

Should I have told him, lying there with his bandaged finger, that he looked like a small boy with his dishevelled hair and laughing mouth? That I had never seen how good his teeth were? That I had imagined he had his chest covered with hair and that I liked his bit of rosy, clean skin which showed out of his pyjamas? That it was exciting to sit so near to him on his bed? Should I have told him I always knew that he felt the same about art as I did? That we understand each other and that we could become good friends?

Can one say these things to a man?

I SHOULD like to know what would have happened if I had told him.

The day before yesterday, he returned to the office with only a piece of sticking-plaster round his finger. He was as friendly as usual with "Please" and "Thank you" and "Miss Johnson, the soul of my office."

I so much liked the way he said "Johnny."

Things are just as they were. But when I am invited again to his house I shall have somebody to whom I may nod. That is, if I don't feel too awkward.

THE END.

Details Make the Difference

"Best foot foremost" is an apt slogan now, for whether you are doing actual war work or not your feet have most certainly more standing and walking to do than usual. Dolcis, 358, Oxford Street, are showing thoroughly practical models, designed for comfort as well as appearance, but they have not forgotten the lighter moments. The buckled sandal on the right above, in punched suède, (29s. 6d.) would step out gaily at parties on leave. Beside it is a wedge-heel model for 21s., with lizard insertions, new and surprisingly comfortable. For town or country they suggest the long-fronted suède shoe (35s. 9d.), on the right in the lower picture, and for golf or energetic walking there is the ginger brogued suède beside it, with a crêpe rubber sole. This costs 25s. 9d.

Flowers go to your head this spring. Varied and colourful as the stands at a show, they may cover the hat completely or form the crown, as they do in this smooth straw model from Woollands, Knightsbridge. Veils are back again, a natural result of the return to more feminine fashions. Another model from this house, in rough scarlet straw, is draped with a black chenille-dotted veil tied with long ends falling at the back

A touch of scarlet gives life to black and grey, but it should be discreet, for this is an easy colour to exaggerate. Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, have used it to outline the fingers of their black suède gloves and to highlight a corner of the bag that goes with them. This is a flat, unobtrusive model which holds a surprising number of oddments

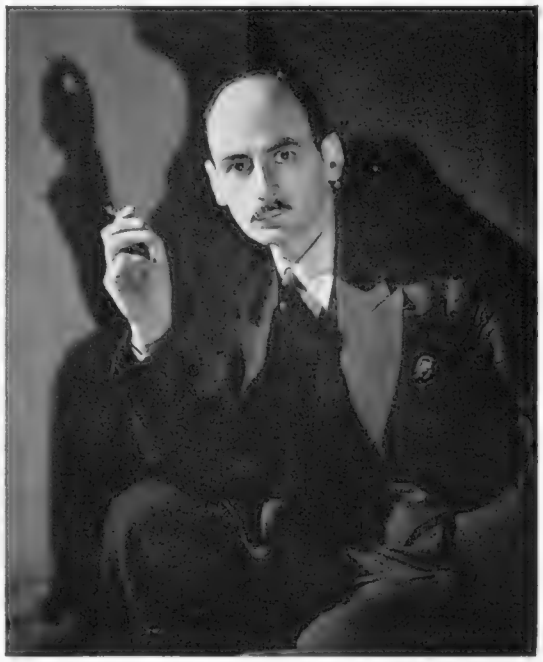
The "Bystander" Bookshelf

Burying the Pope

By V. S. Pritchett

In 1939, Sir Hugh Walpole went to Rome to observe the lying-in-state and funeral of Pope Pius XI., and the coronation of his successor. At the end of each day of these ceremonies, it was Sir Hugh's duty to shout his impressions at a typist in the Hearst Press office, whence they were cabled to America, and since no Hearst Press reader ever believes anything he reads unless the writer is in the full cry of hysteria, these impressions had to begin with a shriek: "I have seen to-day the most remarkable . . ." "Only an hour ago seated in one of the Cardinal's thrones . . ." "Probably in no Papal Election until now has there been so astonishing . . ." The Americans, of course, reply that in English journalism you would have to wade through a couple of columns to find out what the article was about.

But Sir Hugh was not shouting all the time. Rather, he was spouting. Like some large, lively, modest and innocent whale, full of candid good-nature and optimism, he was spouting cheerfully among us memories of earlier visits to Rome; spouting still when in sight of the stark pulley which lowered the Pope's coffin into its vault, amidst the bewildering issues of life and death. Now Sir Hugh remembers the unfrocked clergyman who, on his first visit to Rome, tried to sell him "feelthy pictures," wanted to borrow £100 and conducted him, in a moment of æsthetic remorse, to a little square where stood the fountain which gives the title to this book. (*Roman Fountain*: Macmillan; 8*s.* 6*d.*) Now Sir Hugh digresses to family history—how well he draws himself as a young man—then back he comes to Michael Angelo and the enemies who spoiled St. Peter's for him; and again he is picking up an English business-man or arranging his Renoir, his Japanese wrestlers, his small porcelain bird with a yellow head and blue beak, and his three jade elephants, on his hotel mantelpiece. And while he is doing this and talking about himself and asking whether he is really only the complacent, jolly good fellow some people have said that he is, and trying anyway to put down the kind of man he thinks he is, the strange human disorder and ceremonial pomp of the Papal funeral is going on. The description of the funeral, of the whole staging of it, with such curious human touches as the straining and swearing of the men as they pushed the coffin up the slope, and the sudden discovery that the solderers had run out of solder, so that they had to send out for more in the middle of the act, is an admirable piece of narrative. Sir Hugh is always a master of the great, coloured, crowded scene. On its autobiographical side the book is engaging. He manages to say and show he is happy and why he is, without infuriating one or stirring up the malice of misanthropy which the sight of people sun-bathing in the semi-nude of their own good nature naturally arouses. His success is due to the fact that he is always in character. "The room" (he says somewhere, referring approvingly to his hotel room when he came back one evening) "looked very Walpolian." I am not sure this isn't one of the great sentences.



Arnold Haskell *Anthony*

"Waltzing Matilda," Arnold Haskell's new book (reviewed here), is not, in spite of its author and title, about dancing. It is about Australia, and "Waltzing Matilda" is the name of a popular Australian song. Mr. Haskell is now busy as editor of "The Ballet Album," in aid of the Polish Relief Fund, to which the Poet Laureate, Eleanor Smith, Louis Golding and all the well-known ballet authorities are contributing

After the nursery picture of Sir Hugh Walpole liking himself comes Mr. Arnold L. Haskell liking Australia. A more difficult feat, especially for those who have been brought up on D. H. Lawrence's *Kangaroo*. That book, Australians assure me, gives a profounder picture of Australia than any other. *Waltzing Matilda* (A. and C. Black; 12*s.* 6*d.*) is a sound travel-book with a good deal more meat in it than most of its kind, and enlivened by a pleasant rogues' gallery from Australian history. Mr. Haskell saw his share of boosters and Rotarians, and he ate his share of chops and synthetic sauces, and saw the corrugated iron; but there is more than that to his story. He drank some honest if unsubtle wine. Nature, which also has its Guernicas, no less renowned than war's, staged one with force when he was there, and burned out hundreds of square miles of forest and township, after a drought. On the Australian character, Mr. Haskell found it more staid than the American, more lethargic; I am surprised to hear him say that Australian children are less precocious than the American. They may be better behaved. A good indoor sport—though a little vulgar—is to put an Anglo-Indian and an Australian in the same bar together. If Mr. Haskell's hymn of praise of this strange piece of English lebensraum which has grown up from a human rubbish-heap into a State in 150 years stirs reservations in the mind, we must admit that the continent is ridiculously neglected by us.

"A Life of Edward Whymper" (Hodder and Stoughton; 21*s.*), climber, explorer, and first man to climb the Matterhorn, has been done by Mr. Frank S. Smythe. Like many explorers, Whymper was a cold, shut-up and difficult man, a fussing and persistent egotist, as hard as a rock. More interesting than his climbs in the Alps were his expeditions in the Andes, and his diaries give curt, exact and vivid stories of these journeys. Whymper had that unimaginative passion for facts which Dickens satirised in *Hard Times*, and Mr. Smythe supposes Whymper suffered some unexplained psychological injury in childhood which checked his emotional growth. He was certainly a bored and friendless child. Why, with his gifts, was he not on the level of Livingstone, Burton, Wills? Was he, perhaps, a throw-back to the phlegmatic Flemish stock of his family? Yet in its dry way, his record of the descent from the Matterhorn after the famous tragedy, when only his own strength of will controlled the hysterical guides, is one of those rare unveilings of the horrifying truth about a private catastrophe of travel. A discouraging man—his mad marriage late in life was typical—but we can understand his canonization by mountaineers. One interesting change Mr. Smythe notes in our attitude to loss of life by sporting accident since Whymper's day. When the Matterhorn tragedy occurred, the *Times* made a frontal attack on mountaineering, and let off a two-column leader, a magnificent broadside, which worked in Pelion on Ossa, of course, and quoting Gibbon, among other old friends; it is true that one of the victims of the accident was a peer; but nowadays a massacre or a Brooklands' crash gets a paragraph. In the long age of Victorian peace it was thought reprehensible to die out of your bed, or, if among mountains, away from the North-West Frontier.

Novels recommended:

Kitty Foyle. Christopher Morley. (Faber and Faber; 8*s.* 3*d.*)

Mirror of a Dead Lady. Helen Douglas Irvine. (Longmans; 8*s.* 3*d.*)

The Spanish Bride. Georgette Heyer. (Heinemann; 8*s.* 6*d.*)

Other Gods. Pearl S. Buck. (Macmillan; 8*s.* 6*d.*)

These Clever People . . .

5. Writers, Artists, an Actor

Raoul Millais

Raoul Millais, *thirty-nine-year-old grandson of the famous Victorian Academician, Sir John Millais, was a sporting artist and fox-hunter until the war, when he volunteered for camouflage work and was taken on. He normally hunts with the Beaufort, some of whose followers have sat for him, and had their horses recorded too. His wife, who was Clare Macdonell, of Montreal, is the best-dressed woman in the West Country. Their sons will be thirteen and eleven this year. Their home is Farleaze, near Malmesbury. Their minor peacetime hobby—ski-ing*

Sir Hugh Walpole's *"Roman Fountain" is reviewed on the opposite page. His next novel, "The Bright Pavilions" (which its author describes as an Elizabethan Herries), will be published in the autumn. Exceedingly busy as chairman of the book and manuscript sales at Christie's, to be held soon for the Red Cross, Sir Hugh finds time for everything—result of punctilious habit and a scrupulously polite nature. His flat, 90, Piccadilly, looking on the traffic and the Park, is full of bibelots, flowers, furniture, pictures. The best moderns, except one Utrillo, have been "evacuated" to the Lake Country by this catholic connoisseur*

Sir Hugh Walpole

Ethne Fry, *one of three lively sisters, was mobilised on the outbreak of war as a V.A.D., and is on duty at a London first-aid post, where she has become a shorthand-typist. All this has meant good-bye to portrait-painting for the duration. Her first work accepted by the Royal Academy was a flower picture. She studied at the British Academy in Rome, then had a studio in Chelsea. Speaks French, Italian, German and Russian*

Bobby Howes *—few know that this typically English comedian, with his strain of wistful pathos, began life as an artist, painting still-lifes and portraits of his family. In the last war, when the 12th London Rangers were forced back at one stage, he lost all his equipment, including dozens of eye-witness sketches. This war he is a poultry-farmer near Hatfield, was recently a foil for Bea Lillie in "All Clear." Almost as good a gardener as Jack Hulbert, he is also an electrical expert, does all the wiring at home. Is happily married to ex-cabaret girl Pat Malone, has two children at school*

Col. Sir Thomas Montgomery-Cuninghame's *autobiography, "Dusty Measure," out last October, enjoys unusual success for that type of book, written by a man who, though widely known, is not a public figure. His varied experiences, wit and obstinate originality of mind make it something of a "San Michele." Sir Thomas, claims the earldom of Glencairn, belongs to two of the oldest West of Scotland families. Has been Military Attaché in Prague, Vienna and Athens; his chapters on wartime Athens make a fascinating corollary to Compton Mackenzie's. His only son by his first marriage is in the Royal Fusiliers, two sons by his second marriage are at preparatory school*

Catherine Bell

Joan Shirley Blackman

Is the daughter of Captain and Mrs. C. M. Blackman, of 14, Milner Street, S.W.3. She is engaged to Jocelyn Arthur Persse, Rifle Brigade, son of the late Major W. A. Persse, R.A., of Roxborough, Co. Galway, and Mrs. Dowell, the Flower Patch, Sunningdale, Berks

Valerie Flewitt

Is the youngest daughter of Dr. and Mrs. C. Y. Flewitt, of Beaulieu, West Overcliff Drive, Bournemouth. She will be married on May 11th to T. P. Fellowes, Irish Guards, younger son of Major and Mrs. Halford Fellowes, of Tenterden, Kent

Lenare

Elizabeth Mary McBain

Is engaged to Pilot-Officer Alwyn Oswald Laurence Stevens, R.A.F.V.R., son of W. O. Stevens, of Colombo, Ceylon, and Mrs. L. A. Northcroft, of Accra, Gold Coast. She is the daughter of the late J. D. McBain, C.I.E., and Mrs. McBain, of Dominions Hotel, Lancaster Gate, W.2

Fayer

Marcia Macoun

Is engaged to Lieut. Gerald Lacoste, R.A., elder son of A. J. C. Lacoste, of Eastbourne, and the late Mrs. Lacoste. She is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John H. Macoun, of 115, Clarence Gate Gardens, N.W.1

Unwin — Callander

Frederick St. George Unwin, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Unwin, of Baythorne Hall, Halstead, Essex, and Joan Callander, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Callander, of Fleurbaix, Moor Park, Northwood, were married at All Souls' Church, Langham Place

Harlip

Mrs. Nicholas Bruce

Kay Bannerman, the actress, daughter of Captain and Mrs. R. G. Bannerman, of 34, Dorset Square, N.W.1, recently married Second Lieutenant Nicholas Bruce, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Bruce, of 51, Ormonde Terrace, N.W.8. His mother is the famous ballerina, Tamara Karsavina

Catherine Bell

Mrs. Tristram Kirkwood

Margaret Elizabeth Montagu Brown, only daughter of the late E. F. Montagu Brown, and Mrs. Montagu Brown, of Kentons, Reading, Berks., has married Tristram Guy Hammett Kirkwood, youngest son of the late Lieut.-Col. R. H. Kirkwood, and Mrs. Kirkwood of Burghfield, Berks.

Rathbone — Newman

Captain Henry Stephen Nicholas Rathbone, Scots Guards, youngest son of Major William Rathbone and Mrs. Rathbone, of 2, Lord North Street, S.W.1, and Diana Vaughan Newman, only daughter of Sq.-Ldr. and Mrs. J. B. Newman, of Pond Farm, Weston Turville, Bucks., were married at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks

Godber — Petit

Dr. Greville Godber, son of Mr. and Mrs. Noel Godber, of Prince of Wales Mansions, S.W.11, and Gwendoline Ursula Petit, daughter of Mrs. Harrison Petit, of Burnham Court West, S.W.11, were married at Christ Church, Lancaster Gate

Ripman — Geiger

Hugh Brockwill Ripman, only son of Professor and Mrs. Walter Ripman, of 51, Princes House, Kensington Park Road, W.11, and Mildred Eleanor Geiger, daughter of the late Harry Geiger, and Mrs. Geiger, of Philadelphia, were married at St. Mary Abbot's, Kensington. His father is Chief Inspector and Director of Holiday Courses, University of London

Chubb — Rumbold

George Charles Hayter Chubb, elder son of the Hon. Archibald and Mrs. Chubb, of Lethbridge, Wimbledon, S.W., and grandson of Lord Hayter, and Elizabeth Anne Rumbold, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Rumbold, of 9, Drax Avenue, Wimbledon, were married at St. Paul's, Augustus Road, S.W.19

Daniel — Lloyd George

Dr. Goronwy Daniel, of Jesus College, Oxford, and Valerie Davidia Lloyd George, were married at Old Headington Church. She is the daughter of Major Richard Lloyd George, and Mrs. D. E. P. Evans, of Owlswood, Haslemere, Surrey, and granddaughter of the Rt. Hon. David Lloyd George

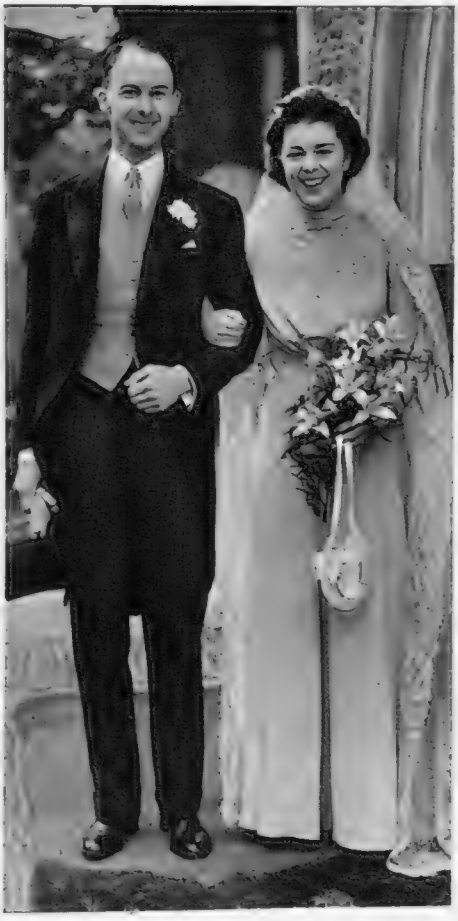
Robinson — Eller

Sub-Lieut. Niall Bryan Robinson, R.N.V.R., son of Sir Christopher Robinson, Bt., and Lady Robinson, of 2, Gledhow Gardens, S.W.5, and Rosemary Seaton Eller, elder daughter of Mrs. Seaton Eller, of 17, Carlyle Square, S.W.3, were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge

Getting Married: The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Munn — Longuet-Higgins

Captain Arthur George Munn, Royal Artillery, and Pamela Longuet-Higgins, were married at Hartfield Parish Church. He is the elder son of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. R. G. Munn, of Turley Cottage, East Grinstead. She is the only daughter of Major and the Hon. Mrs. Longuet-Higgins, of Bramble Rough, Hartfield, Sussex, and niece of Viscount Chilston



Orange — Harvey

Richard Brian Orange, son of Sir Hugh and Lady Orange, of Farrandene, Forest Row, Sussex, and Mary Alice Kekewich Harvey, younger daughter of the late Lieut.-Col. C. D. Harvey, and Mrs. Harvey, of the Limes, Compton, Guildford, Surrey, were married at St. Nicholas's, Compton

Petherick — Bell

George David Petherick, 3rd Hussars, elder son of Captain Gerald and Lady Jeane Petherick, of the Mill House, St. Cross, Winchester, and nephew of the Earl of Radnor, and Evelyn Nancy Bell, daughter of Major and the Hon. Mrs. Bertram Bell, of Fota Island, Cove, Co. Cork, were married in Winchester Cathedral

***Send-off luncheon** at the House of Commons for forty-six members of the Anglo-French Ambulance Corps, was given for them by Colonel J. Baldwin-Webb, their honorary secretary. They are the first section of this unit to go to France and will be attached to the French Army under a French officer. Before reaching the Army zone they will complete their training at the Marshal Foch Hospital near Paris, where they will stay for two or three weeks. The section controls twenty-two new ambulances, subscribed for in this country, and is one of five similar sections, planned to be completed during the next few months*

Sanity Fare

By Douglas Reed

The Author of "Insanity Fair" Covers the War Fronts

Lord, We Beseech Thee

As fronts are stationary and sanity is unfashionable, this sane survey of the fronts is a testing exercise for a writer. The Home Front, with its discarded millions of lunatic gas-masks (can anyone tell me how the population of this country can be gas-attacked ?), its chocolate soldiers, its indescribably costly anti-air-raid army, and, above all, its imbecile black-out, exerts upon me the fascination of something by Edgar Allan Poe, and its horrors are far worse than those of the war-which-has-not-yet-begun on the real fronts.

Of all insane things in Insanity Fair, the black-out is the maddest. But once a thing has been done in this country it goes on, apparently because nobody can ever muster the energy to undo a mistake, however crazy. May I explain why it is mad ? Nobody will believe me, but I read these articles myself with the greatest interest.

Light and Darkness

First, the black-out is a stab-in-the-back for the safety-first principle on which this war seemingly is conducted. The black-out is the bomber's friend. It does not conceal the places he wishes to attack—Scapa Flow is a small place, but he found it easily. It hides him. After the Scapa raid, people asked why so few raiders were brought down. The answer, which they would have known if they had thought a moment, is that they could not be seen. "A bomber attacking by power-dive at night, or from the clouds, is difficult to hit from the ground, and even more difficult for fighter squadrons to locate," writes a contemporary military correspondent.

White-out

Precisely. What we need is not a black-out, but a white-out. There may never be any big air raids, anyway, but the question is, how could they best be countered if they came ? And the answer to that one is that the worst way is the black-out. You could not hide London, for instance, from

(*Continued on page 62*)

***Congratulations** by a French soldier for Captain J. H. Hudson and Fusilier J. Worsley, both of the Lancashire Fusiliers, after they had been decorated with the Croix de Guerre by a French General, somewhere just behind the Maginot Line. Captain Hudson and Fusilier Worsley took part in the attack on a German patrol, when five Germans were killed and one captured*

***Farewell** was said by the Rev. James Rowland Walkey, C.B.E., retiring Chaplain-in-Chief, R.A.F., to his flock in France. A great all-round sportsman and a Cambridge Rugby Football Blue in 1902, the Rev. J. R. Walkey has had a distinguished career in the Church and the Services. He became an Army Chaplain in 1905, served in the last war, and, in 1933, was made Hon. Chaplain to the King and received his R.A.F. appointment*

For Smart Occasions

An original gauged coatee is the complement to the simple dress, with soft gaugings, in this becoming ensemble of heavy crêpe - - 9½ gns.

(Model Gowns—First Floor)

Debenham & Freebody

LANgham 4444. WIGMORE ST., LONDON, W.1 (Debenhams, Ltd.)

Jersey Jacket Dress shows what inspired stylists can do with jersey — exciting textures, wonderful cut. Dress - top and jacket match, in the lovely new 'sculptured' surface jersey. Pleats are beautifully arranged in the plain jersey skirt. Grey or gold, 15 gns.

Jersey Shop, First Floor.

Harrods

HARRODS LTD LONDON SW1

Designed, cut and tailored with clever detailing, to give emphasis to the smartness of the Fuller Figure—in this ensemble both garments have long sleeves, and the bodice of the dress is cleverly self-embroidered. In lovely shades of blue, also navy and black. Hip sizes 44 to 54 ins. . . 6½ gns.

Full Size Fashion Salon—Third Floor

Swan & Edgar

Piccadilly Circus, W.1

The King held an Investiture at Buckingham Palace last week, and gave special permission for relatives of those being decorated to see the ceremony. Here Squadron-Leader John Chaplin, D.F.C., is leaving the Palace with his sister and mother

Sanity Fare *(Continued from page 60)*

the air, even if the black-out were totalitarian (thank Confucius, I am beginning to learn English!), which it isn't; London still shows enough light to look like a swarm of fireflies to a raider. But even if London were all-black, and if there were no such things as compasses and other direction-finders, the silver ribbon of the Thames, with its bridges, would lead raiders to London as surely as mile-posts.

And if the idea of the black-out, assuming that there is an idea, is that it would at least prevent the raider from locating any particular building or buildings, the answer is that precision-bombing has not nearly reached that point, and, anyway, 10, Downing Street or the Albert Memorial ought to take their chances with the rest of us.

Powers of Darkness

Two facts, therefore, are established: first, what ought to be general knowledge, that the black-out does not hinder the raider from finding his objective; (our beloved rulers proudly tell us from time to time that the R.A.F. has been over blacked-out Berlin and clearly recognised Unter den Linden, and do they think the Germans are any less able to recognise Piccadilly? In France, incidentally, where there is a Front and some sanity, they have compromised by twilighting Paris, which makes the raider's task neither more difficult nor simpler, but makes life more tolerable for the Parisians). Second, that the black-out helps the raider when he reaches his objective, because "he is difficult to hit from the ground and even more difficult for fighter squadrons to locate."

All Lit Up

This memorable phrase contains the solution. The black-out is not just silly; it would be dangerous if big air-raids came. If the aim were to make the raiders' task as difficult as possible

Captain Barry Stevens, R.N., of H.M.S. Imogen, with his wife and daughter, is here seen leaving the Palace after receiving the D.S.C.

and to destroy as many of them as possible—but I suppose this is quite unreasonable—big cities ought to be floodlit from end to end; the cancellation of shadows would rob the raider of all means of identifying objects. On top of that, the sky over the cities ought to be permanently lit by masses of searchlights; this would not only dazzle the raider, but it would enable the gunners and the fighter squadrons, at present groping in the dark, to see, find and destroy him. Why do we fear night raids more than day ones? Precisely because darkness is the raider's friend. Then why increase his advantage? The thing he fears is light—then give it him. The white-out is the mortal enemy of air-raiders—the black-out is their friend.

Dark Subject

As we have had no raids and well may experience none—big commercial undertakings are wont to come to anti-throat-cutting arrangements between themselves, and I suspect that some such tacit understanding exists between the Great Powers involved in the present recriminations—this may seem too long a dissertation. But in this country yesterday's muddle is apt to become to-day's sanctified tradition, opposed only by Reds, renegades and suchlike riff-raff, and I have an awful fear that the black-out, like the moronic licensing laws bequeathed to us by the last war, will continue after this war, as a British institution, for ever; as vain to hope that it will be called off *during* the war as to have hoped that the Somme and Passchendaele offensives would be called off before they had devoured their millions.

Acting Flight-Lieut. James Johnson Bennett went to Buckingham Palace last week and was decorated by the King with the D.F.C. for gallantry during the Sylt raid. He was captain of an aircraft that dived repeatedly on the seaplane base. In spite of being caught and held by searchlights, he went down to 1000 ft. and attacked under heavy machine-gun fire, scoring direct hits and causing a fire. He is with his fiancée, Miss Joan Cook

Also, the black-out is spiritually horrible; in London everything that crawls is coming out and waxing fat in it, and the Black, Black Knights of procuration and illicit gain in all its forms are experiencing a return to glory.

Postscript

ANOTHER foul and self-confessed breach of the laws of neutrality has been committed by Germany in the air raids on the Shetlands—because according to Dr. Goebbels the Shetlands belong to Norway. (In a treaty of 1266 between Magnus VII. of Norway and Alexander III. of Scotland the Norwegian King's right to the islands was acknowledged—but, awful thought! at the union of England and Scotland, England liberated the Shetlands!)

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Motoring Commentary

Petrol for the Holidays

By "Spare Wheel"

THOUGH Easter is now but a memory, it was a good Easter, and the memory lingers and may inspire, in the thoughtful, hopes that some sort of summer holidays may after all be possible, and that therein the car may again play a part. Here is a tip, conveyed to me by Captain Phillips of the R.A.C., to be passed on to you. The holiday should if possible be so arranged as to cover the end of one month and the beginning of the next. This is good tactics in the ceaseless wrestle with the petrol rationing.

Nobody's basic ration for one month is much good for transporting the family to the Glad Lands (seeing that they also have to be got home again). But if you can have two months' rations at command, the problem is a little bit easier, or the range of your travels and the choice of your holiday area considerably widened. So the best times for going away will be the last week or fortnight in June, July or August, starting with all you have been able to save of one month's allowance in the tank, and fortified by the presence in your wallet next your heart of the precious coupons for another month complete and untouched.

The present rationing period for basic rations ends on April 30. We shall then in all probability draw rations for the three months May, June and July. If you start in June, and are, like so many owners this year, only licensed from quarter to quarter, you will have to get your third quarter's licence before you leave, or arrange for it to follow you. If you start in July, you will have no difficulty in getting your next lot of coupons, provided you don't leave the registration-book behind.

For those who are getting supplementary rations, the problem is easier. Present coupons are valid until May 31, and there will be another two-month period to follow, as far as one can tell now. Far be it from me to say whether or not you may apply for supplementary rations for a period of which part may be spent holiday-making. At least I can advise you not to head your application form: "Holiday address, so-and-so."

WHEN the black-out speed limit of twenty miles an hour was imposed, I recorded the promise of the head of the Traffic Branch at Scotland Yard that, as far as practicable, the police would confine trapping operations to places and occasions where speed above the limit would not only be unlawful, but would also be likely to lead to accidents. It was at a little conference that this point was discussed, when I ventured to suggest to Mr. Alker Tripp that a broad empty road at midnight under a full moon would provide his men with an ideal setting for a trap—if they merely wanted to secure convictions, but not such a good setting if they wanted to promote safe driving.

Mr. Tripp's reply was to the effect that their duty was to see that the new law was enforced, and he would give no undertaking as to how and when his two methods of catching offenders (by trapping over a measured distance with a stop-watch, and by using patrol cars driving along at just under 20 m.p.h., and gonging anyone who overtook them) would be operated. But he did give us definitely to understand that the police would "play the game."

Well, that is just what the police and some of the magistrates are not doing. Even hardened victims of speed-limit principles of justice were startled when a certain London police magistrate greeted his first case with a £20 fine, remarking frankly that all offenders would be similarly penalised, whether there was any evidence that the speed was dangerous or not. Seeing that this sum is double what persons convicted of dangerous driving are commonly fined, the magistrate's decision was hardly calculated to rouse any feeling among the motoring public than one of burning resentment at flagrant injustice. This magistrate, by name Mr. Basil Watson, still goes on fining offenders £20 irrespective of circumstances.

In another court there was, I noticed, some sort of attempt to make the punishment fit the crime. The police alleged a speed of about 30 m.p.h., and the magistrate announced a heavy fine, though not as heavy as Mr. Watson would have imposed. It was then pleaded for the defendant and admitted by the police that there was bright moonlight at the time of this black-out offence, whereupon the magistrate reduced the fine 30 per cent. What he ought to have done was to have imposed a nominal penalty and reprimanded the police for issuing a summons in such circumstances, unless they could allege, as they agreed they could not, that the speed was likely to be dangerous. In other courts, before other magistrates, the fines are as low as 10s. So it is pure luck what sort of punishment you get if you are careless or forgetful, or unable to tell in the darkness the difference between 19 and 24 or 25 m.p.h. The attention of the Home Office should be drawn to these inequalities of justice, and the way they depend upon the personal prejudices of individual magistrates. But this is usually the outcome of laws which do not march with reason. Speed limits are always a confession of failure.

It was adding insult to injury to ascribe to this miserable makeshift credit for the great drop in road casualties recorded in February. Only one or two newspapers did so, fortunately; the Ministry of Transport was careful to point out the other and more potent causes, such as the long spell of snow when traffic was reduced to a trickle, and the fact that the most dangerous hour in the twenty-four, that of the homeward rush from work, escaped the black-out for most of the month. Of course, the new speed limit did have some effect but less in itself than from the propaganda and publicity and advertising that accompanied it. If any misguided authority chooses to believe that the speed limit, backed up by however many and however ferocious magistrates, will prevent the black-out road toll rising again next October, he will be disappointed.

Motoring Engagement

Erica Seaman, widow of Dick Seaman whose death in last year's Belgian Grand Prix robbed motor-racing of one of its finest exponents, is engaged to R. E. Tongue, a friend of her late husband. He too has raced cars and is now waiting to be called for service in the R.A.F.

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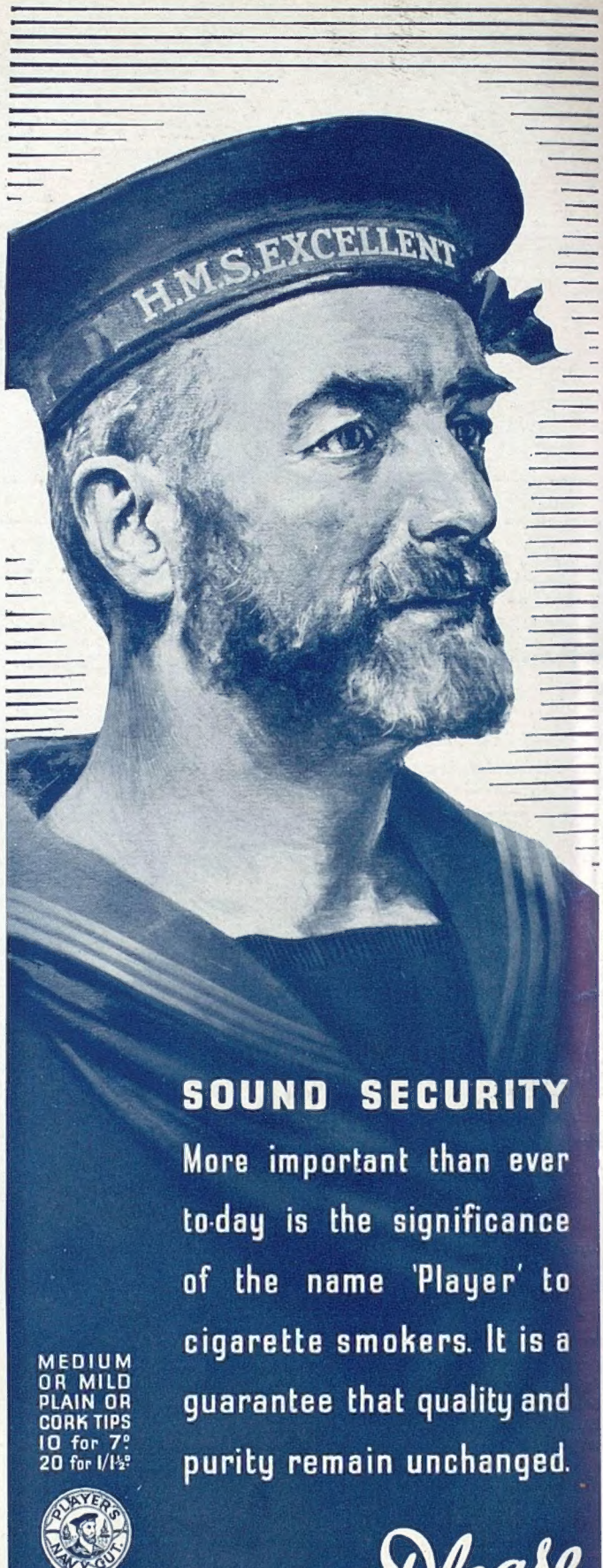

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